

SERENADE

The Curry College Arts Journal

Curry College
Milton, Massachusetts 02186

Serenade is warmly dedicated to Professor Allan Hunter
for his kindness, friendship, and gentle support.

Thank you for having faith.

Kimberly Rasmus
Editor

CONTEST WINNERS

Poetry:

First place - M.E.S.S.
Second place - Penny Thompson
Honorable mention - Michael Gilman
Honorable mention - Katie Morehouse

Short Story:

First place - Charles Adams
Second place - Ed Moran
Honorable mention - S. J. Grudziecki
Honorable mention - Cynthia Lennon

Essay:

First place - Chace Mayo
Second place - Katie Morehouse
Honorable mention - Michele Stamm
Honorable mention - Catherine Hartzel

Fiction:

First place - Alice Judge
Second place - Michele Stamm

Artwork:

First place - Anne Kunzman

Photography:

First place - Maura Baker
Second place - Douglas Koza
Honorable Mention - Colleen Murphy

Poetry
First Place

Destiny's Puppet
by M.E.S.S.

We watched her rising slowly to the sky
Tethered to the fragile mortal hand.
Though slyly seeking freedom from the tie
She fluttered ever gently to the sand.

Then, as if pursued, soared oh so high
And danced a very intricate ballet,
Caressing every cloud that happened by;
Embracing every breeze that passed her way.

Soon frenzy seemed to be the current beat.
Suspended from the earth by meager cord,
She strained and tugged and fought against defeat
Until, at last, release was her reward.

She was free a moment—but no more;
quickly captured by a gusty seashore squall.
Her bid for freedom just a useless chore.
Her destiny fulfilled before all!

Photography
First Place



Maura Baker

Poetry
Second Place

Tears
by Penny Thompson

To look for me would not be smart
for I am with my tears
The tears that I have cried so long for you
But now I wonder if it was worth it
if my tears meant anything at all
my imagination lets me flow
and feel all my losses
I knew before how you felt but now
I really can't tell
maybe you don't think about me
maybe you don't care
my face burns now from those salty tears
my pores are stinging with pain
birds will fly and horses will run
the world will keep on spinning
but my life will end sooner than the others thought
for I may still be there physically
but mentally my heart is dead and so am I

Photography
Second Place



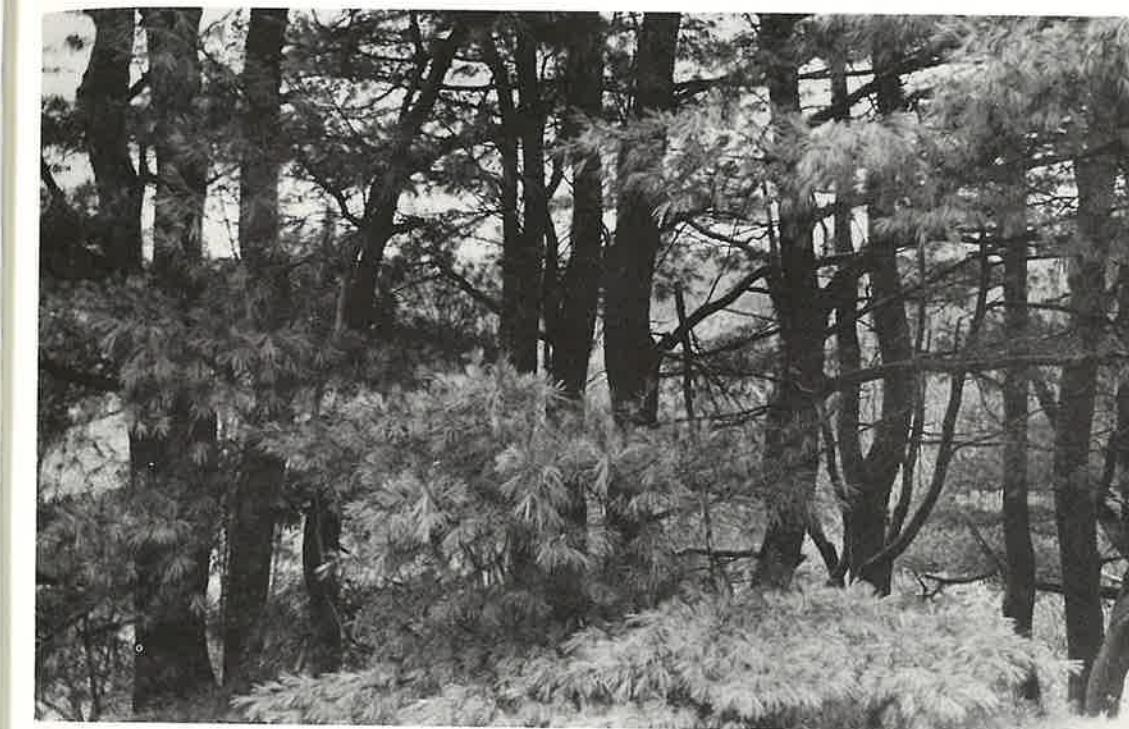
Douglas Koza

Poetry
Honorable Mention

The Rise
by Katie Morehouse

As the dawn splits the sky and the
sun emerges from the cold dark night
you can steal a glimpse of paradise.
I would never know how heaven should
be or what happiness is.
Some early morning if you should
wake before the sun, find a nice clear
path to the east and wait for that
special moment when everything is
born again.

Photography
Honorable Mention



Colleen Murphy

Poetry
Honorable Mention

Landscape
by Michael Gilman

Instructions for reading:

1. Use your memory, NOT your imagination.
2. Feel, DON'T think
3. Re-experience, Don't create

It's morning.

Early morning.

A morning when the sunrise is visible.

A sunrise that makes the trees formless at five-o' clock,

shadowless at six-o' clock,
seamless at seven-o' clock,

A Large Field

The swollen nests of leaves cover whatever mysteries hide in the trees

but the leaves are too scared to touch

you would disturb

with an early-morning rustle.

Go to where the Red Sea of Trees

parts to make my way for calmer waters

A Bay of Wet Grass

Stay in the field.

Tower over the grass

the bugs

the dirt

You're the King Of the Field

the Towering Tyrant

Just lie on your back

watch the clouds crawl

watch the sun scream in your eyes

watch the birds and bugs travel

to destinations no one asks them about

feel the wind cry

feel the earth move

feel your body connect

feel the universe spread out

disappear

Be thankful you don't live in a liquid world.

In Memory of Andy
by Kimberly Rasmus

I start my poem with a question.

Who were you?

Only you knew the answer.....
and you spent your life trying to tell others
what was inside of you.

You put thoughts into color,
and not into words.

To you the world was made of images
that needed to be expressed.
Art in your hands,
and art in the way you lived.

February 21st was the day.

A morning headline put an end my admiration.
"Pop Art Master Andy Warhol Dies."

The mourning of Moma.

"In the future,
everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes."

Your fifteen minutes
was your life.

Untitled
by Judi Houghton

It's time we owned it.

We only want to be close to each other
too easy to get.

Some from their addiction, some for want of affection
too easy to get.

For a child in the womb
so easy to get.

We can't change it
We all live with AIDS
Can we care enough
to face this epidemic

Can we care enough
to not be run by fear
Will we care enough
to love its victims

This generation did not get a war
not an economic failure or a drought

We got AIDS
the plague of the century
We got AIDS
all over the world
We got AIDS

our homophobia lost us years of research
We got AIDS
millions of people are dying
We got AIDS
our denial will take millions more
We got AIDS - it's time we owned it.

Michelle
by Anonymous

I was alone or by myself more times than I was with her. But I wasn't really alone.

Although she wasn't at my side she was in my body.

When a person has such a relationship, they can never be alone.

I live day to day and feel hour by hour and remember minute by minute.

It's a fight between sanity and sorrow.

Alcohol becomes my referee
Sleep becomes my knockout.
Dreams are my punishment.

New days always follow and so does the chance for new love.

How can you replace one with another? My heart isn't an unwanted Christmas present up for exchange.

My body is my heart and it is there to give to her, please appreciate and nurture it, and I will do the same.

I love life. I just hope my peaceful heart becomes emptied and new life travels my soul so I can wear more than a mere grin.

Friends may be called upon to help renovate and friends will be lost who try to dislocate.
Friends who plant new seeds of hope and desire for the future, are remembered.

May strangers become friends and friends become remembered, love me and let's love life.

God I beg for you, to put my love in two bodies and return it daily in strength.

For Him
by Kimberly Rasmus

Led into love
by a kiss.....

He couldn't have loved me better
than if I told him how to myself

Judas,
Why do you betray?

Hurricane that Dies in Valor

By Eric Myers

The seas begin to build
Waves start to swell
The wind has started to anger,
It is as if hell has been unleashed.

Far away from land to danger,
It makes a course to disaster,
Building, and building and building,
It is ready to unleash its terror.

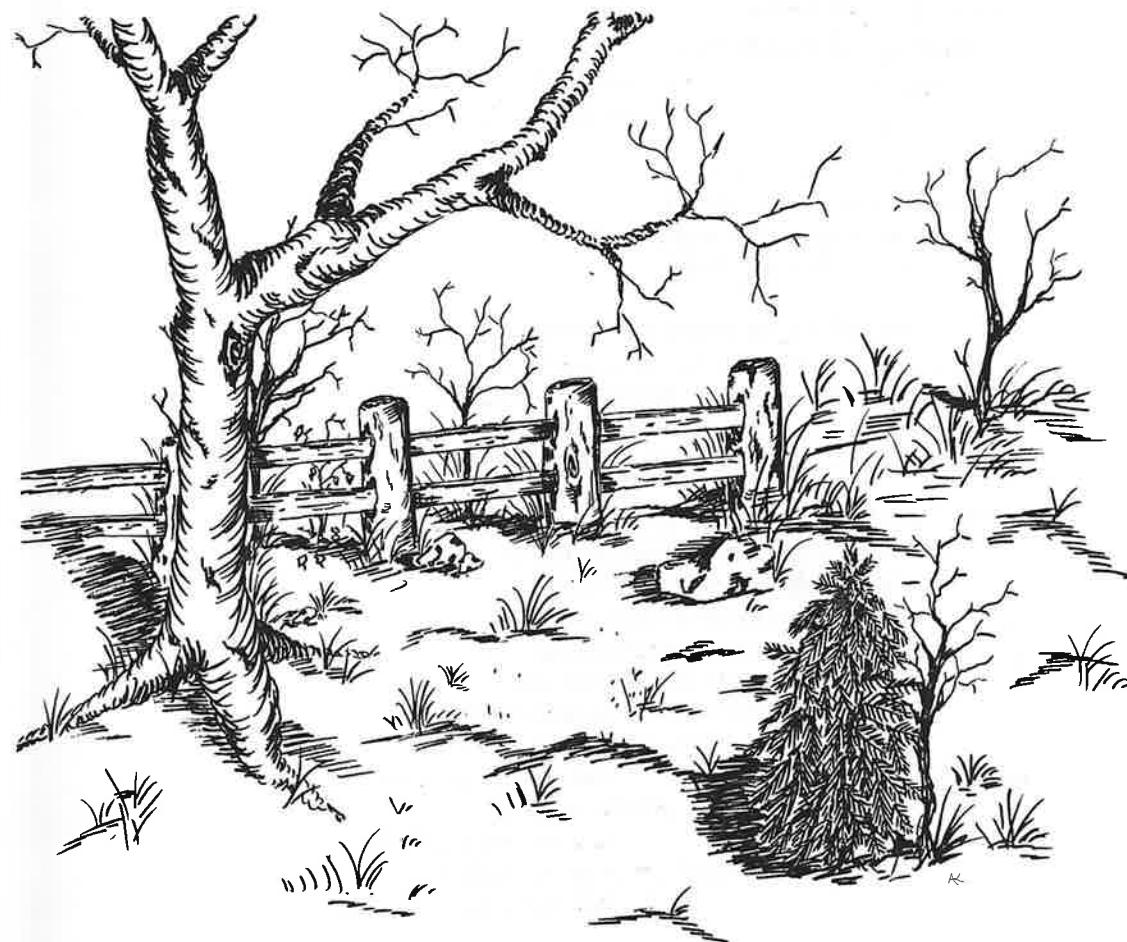
As it approaches an unwary island,
Its force is uncontrollable,
It erupts into a devilish whir,
Taking all of the island by surprise.

As it leaves and heads toward more land,
It strengthens and builds,
It sounds like a horrible rage,
As it takes all amongst it, it never dies.

For it gets as strong as it can get,
Ripping boats from their slips,
Throwing masts as if they were feathers.
The fierce monster halts for nothing.

As it encompasses more land,
Its power begins to get upset,
The water is gone and the heart is lost,
This is another Hurricane that dies in valor.

Drawing
First Place



Anne Kunzman

Aquarian Age
by M.E.S.S.

They bayonet hopes
Stomping rights underfoot
without a look
without a care...

They make life impossible,
Positive actions unthinkable,
"With command from above
we do this!" they proclaim.

Calculating thoughts trickle through their brains
Cool, unstoppable ideas trek on a journey
And their quay in the next town, the next day
or the next year... it does not matter
because it will happen sooner or later.

The inevitable; the cutting; living hell
All at your hands. Well no more.
Some stars are shining through
casting a glow on your acts.
Someday a noon-time sun will
burn so strongly that no one will
be able to turn his head the other way.
And your swords will be smelted into
utensils for the food
that never existed, and the soles of
your stomping shoes
will be unthreaded and used for naked,
blistering feet.

Those days are near.
Those days are inevitable.

Strange Emotions
by Sharyn Kazarian

Don't ask me if I love you
for the answer is unclear.
There's something I'm not sure of,
yet I don't know what I fear.

I'd like to state my feelings
but somehow I hesitate,
They say the truth always comes out-
Sometimes the truth will wait.

I can't face these strange emotions
that tear me up inside.
When I look at you, it's so intense
I close my eyes to hide.

Your honesty is hard to face
I feel like playing a game.
And when I am completely lost
I find that I am calling out your name.

There are times I can't live without you
and you're everything to me.
But when you need me, I run away
Can I love and still be free?

I wish I could say for certain
That my love for you is true.
But what if it's the fear of loneliness
that keeps me here with you?

Our Time Will Come Again
by Alice Judge

Our time will come again.
You stand tall, proud, lanky, majestic,
As the beautiful tulip.
Tuck your body in, wrapping yourself into its center
You want no one to see, especially me.
You are on the road to independence.
I have watered you in times of drought,
I have sheltered you in times of rain.
But you must be on your way,
And do not understand these things.
I watch you go in prayers,
Knowing a time will come for us again.

Universal Child
by Bru D. Sogoloff

I see a boy sob today,
he rests his head on naked arms
His body taunt, all muscles strong.
He lifts his head as I come near.
Black curls surround his pointed ears,
green liquid flows from one.
Inhuman children teased and beat him.
Fear floods his eyes, as I come near.
His mind is so closed so no one can enter.
I sit with him; his torment fills my soul.
his body trembles, as I touch his shoulder.
his body is warm, no fever.
Gently I probe his mind.
Try to comfort him.
He is alone in a world not his own.
Our minds meet with a sudden rush of feelings.
He is me, I am he.
Together as one, no longer separate.
I take him in my arms,
spread my wings and take him home.

High Seas
by Mike Gilman

I was a pirate of the seas,
stealing many a sea-dog's treasure.

My body consists of a hook,
wooden leg, patched eye, and golden dentures.

When I brought the ship to port,
the authorities captured me.

They imprisoned me in a cell,
so that I could let people be.

Now I live in a nice white room,
with provided board and bedding.

My lady's the Queen of Spain.
The interns organized the wedding.

Short Story
First Place

Untitled
by Charles Adams

As you walk Ellyn to her class, you know that something is wrong. You can tell from the way that she is walking, moving and holding herself. A small part of you knows better than to ask what the problem is. Unfortunately, that part of you doesn't control your mouth at this moment, so the question comes out.

"Is something wrong? I mean, If I've done something..."

Your voice trails off into the silence.

Ellyn gives you a look that could have two meanings. On one hand, the look is saying "Nothing's wrong, and don't worry, I still love you." On the other hand, this look resembles one of false sincerity, the look resembling the one you have when you receive the usual orange sweater from your Aunt Martha. It seems like you've received of millions of bright orange sweaters from that woman. You've received this look from Ellyn once, and you aren't sure which is more painful to receive.

"Look, we've been seeing each other for eight months. I think... it would... be better if... we"

You finish the sentence for her "If we stopped seeing each other." You now feel like your mother has just made you put on the uncommonly orange sweater, so you wouldn't hurt your aunt's feelings.

"Look, I still like you as a friend." Ellyn says as she turns and enters her class, leaving you in the hall. Now your mother is taking pictures of you wearing the sweater. You hate the phrase "I still like you as a friend." almost as much as you hate the sweater. More so, if that is possible.

Short Story
Second Place

It's Part of the Job
by Ed Moran

I held on to the fire engine tightly, for the driver's adrenaline must have been pumping as fiercely as mine. When I stood up I was able to see over the top of the truck. The lights rotated slowly, blinding me with each pass; Red, Blue, White, Red, Blue, White. The wind screamed past my ears and over my helmet, closing me off from the outside world in an exciting loneliness. The serenity was disrupted when a gust of wind lifted my helmet from off of my head. I grabbed for it, losing my balance. When I recovered, I sat in the safety of the jump-seat, and began preparing myself for what was next to come. I don't know why I bothered. You can never really prepare yourself anyway. It's like death, I guess.

After what seemed a lifetime, we arrived on the scene. From behind the house rose a steady, narrow, column of smoke. "Brush fire," I said. "Must be a brush fire." With this in mind, I grabbed the hose from the truck and, walking behind the chief, headed down the short driveway. As we began to halt around the corner to the back of the house, we were halted by the police officer that arrived shortly before us. He had already surveyed the scene. "Don't do anything just yet," he said. "We have bodies." In amazement, I stared at him, warmth gone from my face, and hands cold and clammy. I turned to the chief behind me. He was a young man, in his late 20's, though in weight he was pushing the late 200's easily. On his lip sat a bushy mustache that reminded me of wooly bears I used to pick up when I was six. "I wish I was six again."

He asked me what I meant but I didn't answer him. I grasped the hose tighter and rounded the corner. Slowly I approached the smoke column, though I looked everywhere but there: not until I had to. When I did look, I stood motionless for an eternity. I tried to speak but my mouth was dry. There before me, side by side, lay the remains of a husband and wife. It was then that I remembered the young girl who stood in tears at the top of the driveway. It was their daughter. She came home from work and stumbled upon this un-Godly sight. As I looked at the heap in front of me, all I saw was a marshmallow that I dropped into the grill when I was six. I watched it slowly burn into a black mess within the coals. "I wish I was six." I thought.

I was jolted back to reality as the bodies crackled. Again I was faced with the horror of a violent, painful death. They lay there peacefully, arms outstretched. Man and Woman. Husband and Wife. "Till death do you part," I said to myself, and directed a soft stream of water upon them. They shuddered for a moment and they lay still.

The remainder of the evening I spent resting against the front of the engine. Press lights flooded the home, situated on a usually peaceful street in my home town. The only sound was the clicking of the cameras and the occasional conversation of the detectives assigned to the case. There was an eerie silence that blanketed the neighborhood. Even the August crickets were silent. I wished my mind could have been the same.

It was three in the morning when I crawled into bed. I thought about what it had seen that night. "I wish I was six again," I said out loud. I clicked off the lights and rolled over, but I didn't sleep.

Short Story
Honorable Mention

Sly Burns
by S.J. Grudziecki

His name was Sly Burns. Everyone called him Slick for his greased hair. Sly didn't mind the name, because he looked a lot like his father and was proud of it. The two lived together on South Bethanny beach. Sly was entering his third year of school and from the talk around town, he was known as an intelligent kid with an aspiration to be nothing.

Most of Sly's time was spent down by the beach tossing rocks into the ocean. He liked the way the stone could skip again and again if he threw it right, and then disappear into an oncoming wave. One day in late August, I ran into Sly halfway between the ending beach point and Bethanny. I said, "Hey Sly Burns, how ya doing." "Who me? I'm alright. You see that stone skip I just threw, it traveled far, no?" I paused in hesitation, "It went pretty far Sly, you've got an arm for a ten year old." "I'm only nine, you should know that, I told you that last time. Sometimes I wonder about older peoples' minds." I then wondered about my own, stared down at my feet and grabbed a perfectly flat surfaced stone. "Ok Sly, watch this." I tossed the stone at an angle perfectly parallel to the water. The stone spun, hit the water once, then twice, the three times till it bounced into the wave. It left four fading diluted

circles of stirred water. And then there was the sea rising smoothly again. "That's not right, you didn't do it right, you didn't do it right." he blurted out strikingly towards me. His hazel eyes stared vibrantly at mine with a clever looking face. "Here let me show you how to do it. I'll bet you I can get it to skip six times. It all depends on the ocean currents. If I throw it at the right time, it can be done." Sly proceeded to search for a perfect stone. He looked intently with his head pivoting back and forth till he spotted one of the best stones he saw that day. His short stooped body then stepped five yards behind mine. His eyes concentrated on the somber movement of the ocean, and then he plunged forward with all his might kicking damp sand in the air. And with a side arm fling, the stone, so aerodynamically sound, sailed into the water bouncing the six times he promised. "That's how you do it, you've got to bring your arm down so the angle is perfect with the water. I do it all the time."

I looked at the fading sun and said, "Hey, Sly, race ya to my house for a soda, what ya say?"
"Ok!"

Short Story
Honorable Mention

Vignette from "Final Discussions"
by Cynthia Lennon

I was in high-school then, now doesn't that make me sound old? Anyway, it seems like many, many, many years ago. But, it wasn't was it? He was/is my friend. He helped me "cope" throughout my entire high-school existence. He is the one who loved me then, now, and forever - or does he? It's not right for me to question what he says - is it? We never went "out"!

He played with my mind one night. I remember it so clearly, as though it was this year. It happened on December 19, 198-. I had to study for a mid-term in one of my hardest classes - Economics? U.S. History? Something like that! He called, drunk - or should I say buzzed? What else could I do? He's also my friend. Never did he need to talk - he always need to listen. Role reversal? I could deal with that! It was nice to be needed, instead of needing!

He came over. The rest of the family had gone out to finish last minute Christmas shopping and to get out of the house and let me study! As he walked in he lit every candle in the room - there were about five located on different tables. He loves candlelight, as do I. We had a Christmas tree - decorated - in front of the window which had blue and white lights outlining its frame. The lights were on throughout the house.

He sat down in front of the tree, facing the window.

"You have to study?"

I nodded. Then shook my head. He needed to talk. OK - I'd listen. Forget the midterm.

"Pretty huh?" I asked as I saw his blue eyes glaze over and absorb themselves into the green, blue, and red flashing lights. There wasn't any response. "You need to talk, huh?" To this question there was a response, a nod. Slowly at first, then faster, faster.

"I'm trapped. Closed in. I'm growing up too fast. Or I'm not - the world around me is and taking, pulling, yanking me with it!" His words, like his nod, started out slowly, then faster, faster, they started to mix. No. Stop. It's not. It's just the frustration, the confusion, the trapped, closed feeling.

He continued. "Oh, we'll get married someday!" Not me, his girlfriend. "It's expected. The class couple. It will happen, it has no choice. Oh, I do, I do love her. She is an awesome person. But.....is she my friend? No, I don't think so. And I tell her that, too. She agrees with me."

He stopped. I started.

"So — why.....?" I was not allowed to finish.

"I know, I know, why are we still together, still in a relationship? Because I do love her, and she loves me! And that is why!" He was almost angry now. His face was flushed with a pink glow. Mid story, mid continuous flow of words, he had gotten up and turned off all the lights, slowly, one by one until only the light of the candles was left.

The candles flickered in the darkness. The Christmas lights flashed, blinked - green, blue, red, in the candlelight.

He turned to me. The glaze had lifted from the blue eyes. The sparkle, always there, dull - almost sad - but relieved. He had said a lot. Let out a lot. He turned.

"Are you alone?"

The Fire of 1976
by Katie Morehouse

"Wake up Katie, hurry and get out of the house."

"Dad, what do you mean?"

"Don't ask questions just follow me and make sure your sister gets up."

I stumbled out of bed and threw my robe on. I walked over to my sister's bed. My father had woken her too but she had rolled over. As I pulled her up out of her bed, my father's head appeared again in my doorway. This time he had my four brothers behind him.

He said "Are you ready? We have to get out."

I still didn't know what was going on. Then my brother, Danny, handed me a wet towel with instructions to place it over my mouth and nose so that I would not inhale the smoke. This was the first time I had an idea of what was happening, and I was terrified. We left my room and headed for the front wing of the house.

I heard my father say, "Everyone grab someone's hand. John get Caroline's." When we headed towards the front staircase it was the first time that I noticed the smoke. It was not very thick but even through the towel the smoke had a pungent odor, ammonia. Later I would find that the odor was from bottles of ammonia stored in our laundry room where the fire had started.

As we walked down the stairs, the smoke got thicker and thicker. I began to panic when I could not

see where my hand met my brother Jeffery's hand. I began to squeeze his hand so hard that he finally said, "Don't worry Katie you're not going to loose me." I could not help it. My grip did not loosen.

As we made our way through the main rooms in the downstairs it became more difficult to maneuver the long line of family members holding on to each other past all the tables and chairs as we knocked over almost everything breakable we could find. The most valuable monetary things the family owned were crashing to the ground and no one cared. The only thing of importance at the moment was getting everyone out alive.

Then a thought came to my mind, where was my mother and brother David? I started to yell, I could not help it. "Where is Mom and Peeker," David's nickname. I would not stop yelling even though my father was trying to answer me. Finally with loudest voice he could yelled "They are already outside." It was such a relief to hear him say that. They were already safe.

As we made our way to the back door, we had to pass the kitchen and mudroom (laundry room). This was the first time I saw the fire. It was hard to see through the smoke. It hurt my eyes so much. I could see the flames though. They were already to the ceiling. They had engulfed the tables and chairs in the kitchen and the hutch for the dishes was gone. All that was left of our hutch was ashes.

We made our way out through the back door. We were making our way to the clean air. It would be possible to see again. I could see the lights of the fire

engine even before I could focus. The flashes of the red and white light pulsing seemed to make my eyes hurt even more. When I began to see clearly again, I turned around to see the home where I had grown up in flames. Just then, my ears were pierced with the loudest sound that I had ever heard. It scared me so badly that I was twenty feet from where I been in a matter of seconds. The loud sound had made me smash my eyes closed. As I reopened them I could hear the shatter of the glass as it hit the ground. It took me a while to understand what had happened. The fire was burning so hot, it had exploded the glass window.

A fireman said, "Stay where you are." I became rigid and unmovable. Then three windows in the front of the house, where we had been walking, blew out. We would have been showered with fragments of glass. The fireman had saved us from a lot of harm.

When he said it was safe I still found it hard to move but I trusted him and slowly began to move down our driveway. When I reached the end I was safe and so was my whole family. This is where I found Peeker and my mother. My mother was so happy to see all of her children and her husband safe. It was then that I turned around again and saw my home. It really looked almost beautiful. The way the red flames shot through the roof looked like a dancer making breathless movement. I could not take my eyes away from it.

A neighbor decided to hurry us off to her home. As she led us down the sidewalk, I did not turn. I just watched my home burn.

The Teacher's Daughter

by Brian Neville

It was a long trip home from Wilmington. The old yellow bus which held both the basketball players and cheerleaders rumbled down the highway. It was an easy win for us, the Canton Bulldogs. We had won three in a row and raised our season record to seven wins, three losses. The mood on the bus was festive and the talk turned to the rest of the night's activities.

"So are you going out or what?" said a voice from behind my left shoulder. I turned around to see it was Mark Grossman.

"What did you say?" I asked, knowing exactly what he said trying to buy time for the answer.

"Are you going to ask Debby out or what?" That was the question of the hour. Everyone on the team knew I liked Debby and wanted to ask her out. I haven't kept it much of a secret at all. Chances are the word had already gotten around to Debby and she had made up her mind one way or another.

"Yea I think I'm gonna," I said.

"What about her old man?" he asked. I've been thinking a lot about him lately. After all it's not every day you date a teacher's daughter. And not just any teacher. This was Mr. Rice the most feared physics teacher in the school. I never had the opportunity to have him for a teacher but he has run my homeroom for the past two years. He always walks around the hall waiting to bust some unsuspecting kid. He'd bust you for the littlest thing he could find. He once got a

kid detention just for spitting on the parking lot. He'd even make up something to bust you for if he was in a bad enough mood. I heard he once sent a couple to the office simply because they were holding hands in the hallway. It was a known fact this was the meanest teacher in the school.

"What's the big deal?" I said. "This isn't the 1950's here, I don't have to ask the guy's permission. I'll just pull up in front of the house and honk the horn."

The bus pulled into the empty parking lot behind the gym and everyone got off. Debby was walking toward her car when I caught up to her.

"Hey Deb, what's up?" I said. She turned around. Even though the foggy moon lit night and a winter coat she looked as beautiful as ever. Her long, dark brown hair draped over the front of her shoulders and formed a perfect contrast with her light blue eyes. She was smiling, a big wide toothy smile that made me feel a little more at ease.

"Hi Brian, how are you? she asked.

"I'm hanging in there," I said. "Listen, I was wondering if you had any plans for tonight," I said. I stared at the ground while I spoke, making circles in the gravel with my foot.

"I haven't made any plans. Why what's up?" she asked.

"Oh I was just wondering if you wanted to go to a movie or something." She better want to go see a movie because I don't know what else we could do.

"That's fine," she said. "Do you want to drive or shall I?"

"I'll drive," I said. "I'll pick you up around eight."

It was the third time I honked my horn in the last thirty seconds. It was five past eight and the inevitable was about to happen. I got out of the car and slowly walked up the snow covered walkway to the front door. I reached up and pressed the doorbell. Please let Debby answer, please. No such luck.

"Good evening Brian, come in," said Mr. Rice.

"Thanks Mr. Rice," I said.

"Debby will be down in a minute, make yourself comfortable," he said. I sat down on a leather love chair in the corner of the room. Mr. Rice sat on the couch across from me. His thinning hair was slicked back in it's usual way to hide the bald spot on the top of his head. He was wearing a white V-neck, T-shirt with faded blue jeans and a tan pair of slippers. He looked far from a teacher. A beer can on the end table and the basketball game on the T.V. gave me even more hope he was human.

"Where are you taking my daughter?" he asked. Why did he have to say "daughter." Why couldn't he just call her Debby. That was the last thing I wanted to be reminded of right now, that I was taking his daughter out.

"We're just going to the movies," I said.

"No rated 'R' movies I hope," he said. "It's just I don't want Debby to see anything bad."

No rated "R" movies, is the guy serious?

"No problem," I replied.

"Now Brian, I don't think I have to say this to you, but I'm going to just in case. I don't want any

funny stuff going on in that theatre. Because you never know when I'm going to take the wife out to see a film. Actually, we love to go to the movies," he said. I didn't think that he would really show up to watch us but the sly grin on my face made me nervous.

"No problem." I replied.

Debby walked down the stairs wearing jeans and a sweater making me wonder what took her so long to get ready. Mr. Rice left the room and Debby brought me in a coke.

"Was he rough on you?" she asked.

"Nothing I couldn't handle," I replied. "We better go or we'll be late." Just then Mr. Rice reappeared. He had exchanged his slippers for a pair of sneakers and a sweatshirt covered his t-shirt. A pair of keys dangled from his left hand.

"You two go enjoy yourself," he said with a smile.

The Keyhole
by George Nowell

Two eyes stare at her through a keyhole as she walks by. It's hard to believe soon she'd be gone. Two eyes watching and waiting behind a closed door. Shyness is a prison, he is both the prisoner and the warden. His eyes have followed her for years but eyes alone cannot speak. Shyness has locked his voice behind the door. As she slowly leaves his eyes painfully watch, he is unable to speak as the door remains shut. She was an unopened gift with beautiful wrapping paper and elaborate ribbons. One tug on the ribbons may have opened the present revealing her personality but his hands are bound in ropes of insecurity. No not another girl only this one. Alone a shiny gold key glitters in his hand. Perhaps everyone holds the key to their own locks, each key determining their destiny. As time passes her image fades but she has left a painted picture in his mind. A wonderful, untouched masterpiece. Two eyes peek out a keyhole.

Essay
First Place

Excerpt from "Beckett Contemplates Beckett"
by Chace Mayo

"And perhaps some day the earth will yield
and let me go,
the pull is so great, yes crack all round me and
let me out."

Is Beckett's Happy Days a play about death and the slow decaying of a woman who nobody will rescue from the grave? Is this a sanctimonious play about the human condition? The answers are hard to arrive at as the questions are to write. Beckett may have been writing with death in mind as the human way to escape (ie. - Winnie contemplates the revolver) ... but to escape what? To escape life. This is a play about life and in life there is death; you can not separate one from the other: they are negative images of each other. Beckett does not attempt to separate but bring together the two as one.

This is a play of enlightenment, enlightenment in the most conventional sense. There are those who day after day get out of bed and do the same things that they are supposed to do. They become narrow and small. All the while those same people who day after day seek to know the whys, hows, whens and whats of their narrow lives lose themselves in the soup of obscurity. Those aware of the surrounding obscurity struggle to avoid getting absorbed by it and busy themselves with meaningless tasks to avoid enlightenment to their condition.

This is a play about life, about the value of life; about the essence and potential of life; about the waste of life.

Mrs. Whitten
by Katie Morehouse

Being dumb is a curse but being dyslexic is a sin. "It is really not my fault. I mean it is not my fault." I sound like I am making excuses. Well, I am. That is what I have done my whole life. The guilt inside gets bottled up. There is no release. Soon you get to believe you not only have the sin, but the curse too.

"Please, Please do not call on me. God give me this favor; do not let her call on me. What can I do so she will not call out my name and ask me to read. I can not do it. Do not make me."

My palms start to sweat every time one of my classmates is approaching the end of a paragraph. "Please do not let me be next." I keep thinking to myself how can I get out of it. You can only have a sore throat for so long. It had already been seven consecutive weeks and I knew it would not work this time.

All at once I had a brilliant idea. She can not call on me if I am in the bathroom.

In grade school the bathrooms were in the back of the room so I was up and down, up and down. Every time there could be a possibility of me being called on I seemed to be in the back of the class room waiting for the stoplight on the door to change from red to green. Time after time I would hop out of my seat and run to the bathroom.

After about the twelfth time standing in the back of the room I heard a loud voice say, "Katie, stay in your seat." I turned around dumb founded. I thought that I had been getting away with it the whole time. I turned around and said, "I am just going to the bathroom." Just

then Margret Miller walked out of the little stall and I hustled in. I could hear Mrs. Whitten's foot steps coming from the front of the room towards me. I was once again frightened.

I had shut the door but was too scared to do anything else, I just stood there. I could hear her hand on the door latch and prayed that she would not open it. My prayer was not answered. Before I could say anything her hand was tightly gripped around my upper arm and I was being dragged back to my seat. She shoved me so hard into the chair it almost fell backwards. Without any emotion in her face she stood above me and pointed her finger and gave me a warning. She said, "If you leave that seat one more time today I will tie you into it." My eyes were fixed on the drooping skin around her eyes. I could not look into her large brown eyes, they scared me too much. Her gray hair was sticking out all around her head where it was falling out of her bun. I started to watch her lips as they moved in rhythm to my warning.

This was the wrong thing to say to a head strong little girl. Before she had reached the front of the room I was on my feet waiting to see what she would do. It took me only a moment to regret my decision to raise from my chair. At first she just glared at me. Then she headed for the supply cabinet, I knew she was going to carry out her threat. I was surprised at first and decided it was my just punishment.

The wrists were first, then the ankles. So tightly bound to a chair, it constricted ever breath I took. I sat there all day while Mrs. Whitten waited for the apology that would never leave my mouth. I sat motionless waiting for the clock. The history lesson passed. Then on to Science. I knew lunch was next, I would have a reprieve for a little while anyway. I was wrong. Everyone was released to the playground and still I sat. When everyone

came back for lunch the teach asked if anyone would do her a favor. Jimmy Allen raised his hand. I was noticing how cute he looked in his blue corduroys. Then, she asked if he would feed me. I was mortified. I felt like an infant, I could not even feed myself. As he feed me my peanut butter sandwich, he tried to talk to me. I was to embarrassed to say anything. I was happy when she yelled at him and told him he could not talk to me. Every second was an eternity. I believed that three o'clock would never come. I would never be free, never see my mother, my house, my dog. I was banished to this hard wooden chair forever. All this just because I was embarrassed to read aloud in front of my peers. Three o'clock finally came after endless hours immobility. My bindings were freed.

Walking out of the room I felt like all the children felt sorry for me and it only made me feel worse about myself. I ran the whole way home and did not stop until my face was buried into my pillow so no one would hear me sob. All I could think was my mother could never find out. I did not know what she would say. I would have humiliated her. I had been humiliated myself.

Essay
Honorable Mention

Framework for Freedom
by Michele Stamm

The United States Constitution is the frame that holds the greatest masterpiece of all time — Freedom. The frame of the Constitution holds the picture of freedom, giving it its shape. It allows Americans the choice for the freedom offered to them.

The Constitution is a piece of art, with freedom being the largest stroke. Like painting, it is interpreted in different ways and takes many forms, to those who care to examine the foundation of what is our great country. The extent to which it is appreciated also varies according to each citizens activeness and concern within society.

It is not only the responsibility of government officials, from the President down to the local police officers, to make sure that law abiding citizens are not denied their rights, and that their safety is not endangered in any way. "We the people" have a civic duty to fulfill, not only for one's own sake, but for the welfare of one's fellow citizens, and the general betterment of one's own country.

One may feel that their own contributions are having no impact on society, and therefore see no point in continuing. Effort is like a ripple of water. A slight breeze can lead that ripple to distant shores. A simple act in one's own home or neighbor hood has the opportunity to grow, but only with loyal and persistent determination, to make that idea a lasting impression on those whom the ripple has reached.

Art is the framework of freedom. Artists express their freedom in their work. It is a part of their true being. American citizens express their freedom by their actions and their attitudes toward society, thus painting it and giving it color. Those who neglect the masterpiece will have a void within their being, caused by their own ignorance. The history of the land is a source of identity for each of its inhabitants. Without it, one is

not complete.

Like all great artists, the work of our Founding Fathers has transcended time. Although the work of Leonardo de Vinci and Benjamin Franklin differ in many ways, both are artists. One mastered canvas, the other mastered law. Little did the world know that the talents of these great artists would have such a lasting effect on the world as we know it today. Thanks to these men the world has benefited in both governmental and cultural aspects.

As a leading delegate in the Constitutional Convention, Franklin played a major role in the development of the highly admired document of our nation. The Bill of Rights has been recognized and looked up to by the people of all other nations, because to them freedom is only a fading vision.

In countries such as the Soviet Union, and Nazi Germany, freedom is a lost battle. There is no set body of law to stop the government from interfering in the personal lives of its citizens. In totalitarian Chile the citizens can not speak out against the government, or they risk severe punishment. Since the country has no laws to stop the government, or to protect its people, the citizens lose out no matter how wrong the government is. The more control a government has, the less power the people have.

The Bill of Rights puts restrictions on the government giving the people more freedom. Voters even get to vote for their own leaders, which is a firm example of democracy in action. The bill of rights allows all Americans the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The Constitution of the United States is a piece of art. Everyone who has a hand in it, does something different, and yet each part contributes to the perfect whole. This, indeed, is Freedom itself.

Essay

Honorable mention

Excerpt From: Writing About Art

"Untitled"

by Catherine Hartzel

I experienced an exhilarating moment of recognition while attempting to synthesize the substance and meaning of D. Hofstadter's writings and M.C. Escher's art exploring the concepts of figure-ground and figure-figure. In particular, I refer to a work by Scott Kim entitled "Figure-Figure," from which I was able to form certain ideas about the dynamic juxtaposition of images, and correlate them to what I perceive to be the essence of what is produced within a specific musical piece, namely Stanley Jordan's "A Child is Born."

My half-buried memory of this piece surfaced and sparkled as I recalled its application of a notes-upon-notes, (or figure-figure) model, achieved through Stanley Jordan's unusual two-handed fret technique, in which he integrates two melody-lines concurrently. Neither of the two strains which comprise the piece works in a dominant sense to shape the true character of the produced music, and absent is the type of harmony which works only in a subterranean, complementary capacity. Rather, Mr. Jordan adopts a figure-figure paradigm for expression in this work, the effect

of which is two melody lines is constant juxtaposition while maintaining the distinctness of their characters. This acts to form a constantly problem-solving rapport. There is a sense of tension produced by this bond, a tautness as well as a dissonance in the relationship which engenders hard-won peaks of congruent melody. Indeed, the listener is enveloped within an experience of mingled life forces, separate (if at times this distinction is blurry) and yet joined, as mirrors the experience of mother and child in the bondings and traumas of the pregnancy and birth process.

The viability and strength of this figure-figure model used Jordan can be discerning within the metaphorical intent of the piece which is revealed within its title "A Child is Born." The attendant growth, bonding, poignancy and struggles for boundaries and autonomy, as well as the warmth and primacy of connection between mother and child in the birth process are reflected within the tentative touching of melody lines, each to each, as well as the sharp, pulsing ascents and descents which occur on two levels simultaneously. This elicits a sense of fragility, will and adaptability of the human psycho-biological self. The delicately pin-pointed plucks of individual strings are reminiscent of the intricate fragility of all human life sustaining systems.

Fiction
First Place

Vignette from "To Start Anew"
by Alice Judge

The hushed voices, stares, they still went on. People would not forget what they thought Katie Cochran had done. It was a small town and gossip was like food to seagulls that frequented the white sandy beaches nearby. Oh, Dameon and her widowed mother had welcomed her back after fifteen months at the Northgate Woman's Reformatory, but Katie had been wrong when she opted return to her hometown and the latest note bore that out. Katie's hand trembled as she looked at the childish scrawl again. "GET OUT OF TOWN, WE DON'T WANT YOUR KIND IN BREWSTER'S COVE!" The attack was the third this week, found amongst the morning mail. Phone calls late at night had started a month ago. The voice was gravelled and sex of the caller was undetectable. Katie shivered in spite of the humid August day. "I didn't steal the \$50,000." she said aloud, hearing the words reverberate in the empty ten room family she shared with her mother.

Residents thought Katie came back to dig up the money confiscated from the First Bank of Brewster where she had been an accountant. But Katie had come back to prove her innocence and to prove Lorraine Duvall the culprit.

Not that Lorraine needed money. The only child of Athea and Walter Duvall, Lorraine had as-

sumed presidency of the First Bank of Brewster after her father died. She hadn't needed the money, that's for sure. Jealousy was her motivator.

As a child Katie and Lorraine had been friends. Lorraine doted on Katie, bought her presents and being an only child had pursued Katie. The girl soon learned, however, that Lorraine's interpretation of a friend was far shallower than hers and the two parted company. Since then Lorraine had been making trouble for Katie in various ways.

Fiction
Second Place

Vignette from "News of My Suicide"
by Michele Stamm

The first morning I'm back at the Cup and Saucer the Bridesmaids come in to breakfast. I should have figured as much. From the way they timed is so right—being the third group in the diner and moving into the best booth in my section (the one just between the door and the jukebox, with no duct-tape patches on the seats)—I figure they must have been staking the place out from the parking lot. They settle themselves in like a bunch of little birds. Little titmice, I think, and it makes me laugh. Maybe I'm still sorta dopey from the medication I've been on, but it does me good to get a laugh out of somethings. If I didn't, I'd be hell-bent to cry.

"Morning, ladies," I say, poised my pen above the green pad. "What can I get for you?" I know I won't get off this easy.

"You sit down beside me," Mrs. Jackson says, patting the red vinyl seat. Mrs. Jackson is a big-boned woman in her late fifties who uses a pomade on her hair that's stiffer than floor wax. Her whole head is covered in hard, shiny curls, each one the exact shape of the roller. She's the ringleader of the group, calling all the shots.

In a way she shouldn't be a Bridesmaid, seeing as how she's married, but Mr. Jackson is the kind of man that can make a woman look as good as single.

"You should be taking it easy. Come sit and talk to us."

I know I might as well. If it's not now, it'll be later. Nobody in this town gets away from Mrs. Jackson. I slide in beside her.

"We tried to come see you down at the hospital," says Miss Ross. She's near as old as Mrs. Jackson, but shorter and fatter and always talking about other people's loose moral habits. Some folks around her say she never had a date in her life. "They're awful strict, but we prayed for you, and here you are."

They don't let you have visitors in the loony ward. They don't even let you have a window.

"Yes," I say "here I am."

"Did you at least get the flowers? We sent flowers." Mrs. Homer, a widow and the last of them, is trying to sneak a look at my arm.

"The flowers were pretty. You were kind to send them." The flowers were carnations, baby blue. They looked like a sin against God.

The Best of Both Worlds

by Rick King

I think that everyone in the world is androgynous in at least one characteristic. Women get angry and raise their voice, which isn't very ladylike. While most men, even the savages, can be tamed by music, which doesn't say much for the all powerful male. I think that, even though I'm not a sissy, I have a few female qualities, such as wearing earrings, designing clothes, and wearing make-up. This doesn't mean that I'm not masculine. I like to fence, play football, practice martial arts, and wrestling.

I have two earings in my left ear, one of which I did the other day. It was may be that it was just for women, Gypsies, or pirates; but now more then ever more men are wearing them. I have seen guys wear from one to six earrings in one ear and have the right ear pierced as well. You don't see too many guys with both ears pierced, just because it is even more feminine then just the left ear. Some of the biggest, toughest, roughest, athletes wear an earring.

Designing clothes is one of the most artistic ways of expressing myself. Since I can't draw or paint greatly, I design clothes in my head. Sometimes I will be watching television or be looking at a book and of the sudden think of something that would look really cool or alarming. After that I usually get some fabric and carefully plan out what I am going to design, what I might need, and how I might design the thought into reality. I'm in the process of designing a denim jacket from the plain normal blue to a vibrant denim jacket with paisley cuffs, collars, and back patch with three silver western style ornaments at the top. There are many male designers in the world and some people say that they are gay or sissies. That's fine, but they probably make well over seven figures a year for having

that image.

It used to be not so common and still isn't that common to see a guy wear make-up. Most of the time it is musicians that wear make-up, but about four years ago I started experimenting with make-up. I only used eye liner and sometimes mascara. I did it just to enhance my eyes. Most of the time I wore it at punk or new wave concerts. I haven't worn any in about two years. I still like the way it looks. I would have no hesitation to put any on.

I am also very sensitive person. I enjoy talking to people, especially girls. I feel comfortable around girls, just because they are more sensitive then boys. Men always have to show their dominance in front of girls, to prove who they are, the rough tough macho men that we were taught to be. I like opening doors for girls, bringing them flowers, and being romantic. The point is that I like pampering girls and still having my own points of masculinity, like fencing, wrestling, and martial arts. The way that I dress even shows that I am androgynous. I wear lots of garish baggy shirts and baggy pants and boots. I sometimes have been called puss 'n boots, because of the way I dress. I also have been called cowboy, because of the rugged jeans, rough looking hats and tough looking boots. I think that I am like the saying "BEST OF BOTH WORLDS," because I am not only rugged and tough, but I am also fashionable and sensitive. I must have been born in the wrong century. I should have been born in the days of pirates or princes and knights with damsels in distress.

Excerpt from: Writing About Art
"The World of M.C. Escher"
by Steve Grudziecki

In the realm of possibilities, does M.C. Escher define what is the formal and the informal of modern art? In his works, he shows the viewer things that they've never seen before and capitalizes on his artistic style by improving the piece to its fullest potential. This gives the viewer an escape into the infinite world of what is the formal or the informal style of art.

It's extraordinary to view Escher's work. It's experiencing something different. It has harmony to it and it presents a magical and mysterious environment that only leaves you to appreciate what's in front of you. But within the appreciation, Escher is an artist searching for an infinity style with control.

In two of his pieces, "Cubic Space Division" (1952) and "Still Life and Street" (1937), one depicts the other of what is the formal and informal artistic view. In the "Cubic Space Division", the viewer is presented with the parody of repetition. It occurs over and over until there's no more, an obsessive style of the infinite view, the madness to repeat everything consistently until there's no more. This is what makes the formality of this piece: to place the thought of repetition and show no more than within the boundaries of the piece, yet leave the infinity of what's beyond the boundaries up to the viewer's imagination. There is almost a questioning of what's beyond the dimensions of the artistic piece and into the unex-

plored views of those who come across cubic space divisions.

Unlike the perfectly formalized cubes is the artistic piece of "Still Life and Street." In viewing the piece, the infinity of any standard is placed upon the viewer. This obsession that Escher presents is in all of his pieces. We wonder what is the standard of expression within the knowledge of artist. What is Escher's appreciation about with the knowledge of infinity or fantasy shown in this piece. It conjures up an idea that only allows the viewer to question its presented point. Then the answer lies within the personal notice of what the viewer would like to believe. The playfulness of still life and street is what's contained in it and what the viewer is trying to understand about the whole piece.

Excerpt from: Writing About Art
"Botticelli's The Birth of Venus"
by Anissa Clark

Mythology has provided an abundant source of images for artists to carry forth in painting. Botticelli brings Venus to life. The idealistic figures help to create the feeling of mystery.

The Humanist perceives human as being the centrifugal force of the universe. Clearly Botticelli embraces this philosophy. The wind, such an abstract force, is portrayed by a man with puffy cheeks. The idea of beauty and birth is symbolized by woman. The idea of rebirth is brought to life through the shower of flowers. He is able to bring the unexplained forces of nature to life.

Not only does Botticelli put the forces of nature into tangible figures, he also shows the parody of life. Venus is not being born to a far off planet. Rather she is being born to a very real earth. This idea makes one think that within all that one sees there is a god-like side. This painting brings to life that mysterious side that isn't seen through most people's eyes.

In order to create this parody, Botticelli idealizes all the figures in the "Birth of Venus." The beings are all of perfect proportion. The waves keep a horizontal pattern. The shell is as perfect as the Venus it holds.

The idealistic forms and the Humanistic environment all work together to create this beautiful yet mysterious painting.

Vignette from A Mother's Death, a Son's Thoughts
by Bru D. Sololoff

In January of 1988 my mother's cancer returned with a vengeance. Six months later she was dead. She wasn't in any pain when she died. In fact she was talking to the nurse when she took her last breath of life. I loved my mother with all my heart and soul. I would call her everytime I got an "A" on a paper or a project. She was the reason for my existence. I was closer to her than anyone else in the family. When she died, I felt a part of my soul die with her. She was everything to me. Now I find myself trying to find things to fill the gap that my mother's death has left. Some days it is easier to deal with my feelings, other days I don't even want to get out of bed. The stars don't seem as bright anymore and sunny days seems farther and farther apart. I can go for days not thinking about her then all of a sudden I'll hear someone who sounds like her. All of my feelings will come surging through and I won't able to stop crying. Sometimes I say to myself, "The hell with it. End the pain now." This usually happens on a down day. On an up day I tell myself that I am my mother's son and I will not let myself succumb to the ideas I have when I'm depressed. I have a lot to live for. I have my father, sisters, brother, niece, and nephew; they are the center of my life. I also need to graduate and save all the children from the uncaring adult world they are forced to grow up in.

Excerpt from: Writing About Art
"A Platonic View On Monet"
by Lucille Markarian

Much of the significance in Monet's early work lies in the fundamental importance he attached to painting in everyday reality; to demonstrate the range of visual variety and excitement in common landscape views to which few people gave much notice. In contrast, he turned his attention to a major medieval monument (which his entire audience would have prided themselves on knowing well), the west facade of the Rouen Cathedral. Monet made his own version the critical issue, rather than document the significance or lack of it in the landscape itself. Monet was declaring, through his renderings, that no one had really seen the cathedral facade until one had seen it at least twenty times, in different light settings, at different seasons as Monet himself had seen it.

In order to paint the series of the cathedral, Monet set up his canvases across the street in a small shop. When he painted the cathedral he removed all religious signs believing they were trivial. Monet's painting developed an unusual texture which achieved the optical effect of allowing the eye to perceive the cathedral as the light shifted around it. The paintings of the Rouen Cathedral do appear to have been composed of quick stabbing strokes as opposed to smooth, slow brush strokes.

Excerpt from: Writing About Art
"Untitled"
by Andy Nickerson

According to Plato, art equals what man adds to nature through his specifically human intelligence in order to succeed in his struggle for existence. The master of any art is the one who best knows the function of its products.

M.C. Escher, in his lithograph "Waterfall," succeeds in defining the abstract in concrete terms. He captures the ambiguity of repetition, through illusionary appearance of the waterfall. The waterfall appears to be level, however in order for the water to be falling, it has to be flowing from an elevated ledge. Examining the picture at a second glance, it presents a clever revelation of itself. This creates a subtle mesmerizing attraction.

Life is in perpetual motion, the forced repetition of the waterfall portrays a deterministic view of reality. One comes to realize that the repetition has a purpose, as the water relentlessly flows, spinning the wheel, which allegedly generates electricity for the house.

Excerpt from: Writing About Art
"The Language of Omission"
by Julie Bump

Rothko's twentieth century art subdued aggressiveness within painting. His art would breathe the purest contemplative stillness. The seven and-a-half foot tall "Earth and Green" painting consists of two rectangles - one red and one green - with blurred edges, bordered by purple. The rectangles are not equal in size, although there is a delicate balance between them. There are subtle variations in hue, and each shape retains a strange independence. What is the mysterious intrigue of this work of art?

To return to the language of omission, within Rothko's work, he uses his deliberate style of manipulation of form, in order to enhance the mystery of the image. Not every observer will respond to this type of "nothingness" within art. For those who do, the response can be similar to a trance-like state.

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